WE CAN'T WAIT

CONGRESS

If it delays much longer. Before it comes to the relief of the business of the country there will be no business in the country for it to relieve.

We are going to hustle for ourselves and you at the same time, by cutting all the profit right off and throwing it in your lap for the taking.

35c Window Shades, with springs, for 29c, \$1.50 Nottingham Lace Curtains for 89c, \$1.50 Nottingham Laces for \$2.75, \$7.50 Tambour Swiss Laces for \$5.25, \$6.00 Chenille Portieres for \$5.65, \$6.50 Chenille Portieres, dado top and bottom, or \$4.50. \$10 Chenille Portieres for \$6.90.

40 yards of 15c Matting for \$3.95. 30c Heavy Jointless Fancy Matting for \$1.15 Smyrna Rugs for \$1.20. \$1.25 Smyrna Rugs for \$2.20. The Lowell All-wool Ingrain Carpets for 57%c. 75c Tapestry Brussels Carpets for 59c. \$1.35 Brussels Carpets for 59c.

\$4.50 Upholstered Rockers for \$2.95 \$5.50 Couble Seat Hockers for \$4.75. Queen of Couches for \$12.50. \$16.50 Oak Sideboards for \$12.50.

221 Oak Sideboards for \$16.50.
285 Oak Sideboards for \$19.
\$100 Oak Sideboards for \$19.
\$100 Oak Sideboards for \$19.
\$122 McCarty Birch Suite,54-inch dresser,pattern pinte, 28x40 cheval glass in center, with one drawer on each side of mirror, and heavy cast breas trimmings, for \$95.63.
\$65 Bird's eye Maple Suite, 46-inch dresser, with \$2x34 level pinte, handsome cant brass trimmings for \$19.
\$100 Oak Suite, 54-inch swell front dresser, with \$2x44 pattern plate, veneering on dresser top, is a little damaged, for \$195.
Lots of cheap suites from \$14.90 up.

W. H. Hoeke

CARPETS, FURNITURE, DRAPERIES, Cor. Eighth and Pa. Ave.

PARTICULARLY FOR WOMEN.

Green has been a distinctive color of the past season, and blondes and orunettes alike will rejoice that the new Spring color card is headed with this invorte hue. A bright green heightens the natural brilliancy of a clear, dark complexion, throwing into relief the red of chesk and lip, and lending to the eyes a clear, sparkling light.

A blonde requires a sofier shade of green than the brunette. Too bright a hae would give to the fair-haired, fair-skinned woman a shillow, washed-out look, but it is well to know that this color, as well as all others, can be softened and rendered wearable by either type of beauty if judiciously combined with white.

When eruptions or blotches mar the skin a dose of toast, tea, and rhubarb, stale bread, cale-au-lait, and berries, or oatmeal and apple sauce every day in the morning will brighten things. Green soup, green omelets, green courses, and greens till the roses come will save youth, beauty, health, and money. A pretty suit is of light Scotch tweed, and

the cont opens over a laney vest, but the full waists are vasily more becoming than these stiff waistcoats and give the one leminine touch to the dress which it needs.

Meat muffins may be made from cold mut ton. The cold meat should be finely chopped, seasoned well, made into balls, and over it a cream sauce should be poured. Bodices of dresses should be placed on cont

A Word of Warning.

On no account, writes Kate Chars, experiment with advertised balr washes or dressings. Put nothing on the hair that you do not positively know to be innocuous. Many of the so-called "vigors" and "restorers" the hair in as good condition as they found it, Instead, they are absolutely damaging, injur-ing the follicles and enusing the hair to fall once her hair began to fall out, and it was soon so thin and lifeiess that it had to be out. She now has only an absurdly small knot, and her hair will never be either thick or long

dental washes. They may be fragrant and cleansing as the advertisements state, and they may also whiten the teeth, but they do so by means of powerful acids, and the "delightfully fresh feeling" left in the mouth is produced at the expense of the enamel of the teeth. A few drops of cumpler diluxed entered. the occasional use of some authorized brand of tooth powder, will keep the teeth in as per-fect condition as the individual constitution will ever allow them to be.

(From the London Weekly Register.) Archbishop Redwood has been lecturing at Wellington on "America." The New Zealand

Times reports the archbishop as saying: "Every enlightened well-wisher of the United States must express regret at the looseness of the marriage its in the great re-public. Divorces in the case of non-Catho-lies were of lamentable and scandalous fre-quency. Between 1867 and 1886 200,000 divorces were granted in the United States. No doubt to some degree, the trouble was caused by a difference in the laws of the various states; but a caudid observer of the vast number of divorces granted yearly in New York, Chicago, and more western cen-ters, could not help seeing a reflection on the public morality and a wide control of the New York, Chicago, and more western cen-ters, could not help seeing a reflection on the public morality and a widespread disregard, not to say contempt, for the sacredness, natural and divine, of the marriage tie. Here was an element of rapid national decay, un-less a remedy is soon forthcoming."

alice's Mistake.

happy as his affianced bride, and whispered with a strange pride his name, remembering that some day it would be my own as well But mine was not the anture to work control. It was rather an early date, I thought, when At was ranger an early date, I thought, when an engagement was so new a thing, not quite three months old, to be called to account for my actions. And what had I done wrong? My betrothed, Clarence Withers, had been absent for a week, and during his absence Will Maynard had been my escort wherever I had chanced to go. I would not have my engagement announced, although it was engagement announced. comment amounted, although it was currently suspected there were thany kind friends
to whisper the fact of my so-called filtration
with Clarence upon his return. And so my
first meeting was not, alsa, what I had painted it to myself. When I went forward to meet him, gind, oh, so giad to see him home again, and tondy to tell him so if he needed telling other than the story be could read in my cyes and outstretched hands of welcome, he only took my hands in his and held me off rather than doze me to his beart where my er man drew me to his heart, where my

hand in a grew me to his heart, where my head him so often lain, and said, in cold, strange tones, so unlike the loving words of welcome I was waiting for:

"Alize, what is this I hear about my wife?"

"Your wife, Mr. Withers? During which of my sleeping moments have I been dignified to that little, or you aspired to the authority of a husband?"

and pecture. Hereafter we meet simply as friends."

And so we parted. He grew very pale when of the promise made is a promise me. Alice, a promise made is a promise me. Alice, a promise made is a promise med from the day you gave yourself to have looked upon you as my wife as ly as though a priest had already our union. You know full well my for Mr. Maynard. He is a man I not permit to cross my threshold; yet my short absence he has been conand publicly by your side. In fact, war you attentions you had no right to Maynard is a particular friend of I exclaimed, with flashing eyes, slip-"To me, Alice, a promise made is a promise "To me, Alice, a promise made is a promise kept, and from the day you gave yourself to me I have looked upon you as my wife as solemnly as though a priest had already blessed our union. You know tull well my opinion of Mr. Maynard. He is a man I would not permit to cross my threshold; yet during my short absence he has been constantly and publicly by your side. In fact, has shown you attentions you had no right to has shown you attentions you had no right to

RESTORING THE NEEDLE. Princess Christian Will Try to Make Sew

ing an Art Again. [From the Lady's Pictorial.] Needlework does not commend itself as an amusement to the young lady of to-day. She outgrew it about the time the higher education of women came into vogue, and the girl of the period would be rather ashamed than otherwise of proficiency with her needle. But otherwise of proficiency with her needle. But Princess Christian, who, like all the Queen's daughters, has been taught to do plain and fancy sewing, and to do it well, has declared her intention of reviving interest in this most feminine pursuit, only that she has resolutely determined that her sex shall devote as much attention to the work and as much regard it as an art as they do other employment.

She very rightly regards it as a reproach to this companion of women that they are so

She very rightly regards it as a reproact to this generation of women that they are so lamentably ignorant of the first principles of needlework, but perhaps when they have been taught to look upon it as an art, and the energetic Princess' proposed school of ap-plied design is started, it will be found that the needle will be restored to a place of honor among feminine belongings.

Hat and Bonnet Architecture

The hats and bonnets for Spring and Sum mer, says the Homestead, are remarkably pretty, and in shape, color, and trimmings show such a variety as will be sure to suit all kinds of faces. There are of course certain features in millinery this season that are sure to be the correct thing at all times and in all places, and one becomes well acquainted with these distinctive features of the hats and bonnets after going the rounds of the milli-

nery shops. Take, for example, the bow trimming; there must be a bow on everything, and even the tiniest bonnets sport a wide bow attach ment in the back, and many of the bats are of bows only. The big Alsatian bow has appeared in every possible place on the hats till at last, this season, it is placed high and squarely on the back. These pows are made principally of black moire or of lace and jet with a huge aigrette, and sometimes of black sutin ribbon with the moire back. The bows

utin ribbon with the motre tack. The bows tre even larger than those of last season, and heir size is something portentous. Another feature of the trimmings is the rage of horizontal effects. Our hats and bon-pers used to stick up, now they stick out, he hats themselves are made shorter in front and back, but they broaden out on the ides to harmonize with the present style in decrees.

Buckles of jet, gilt, and rhinestones, fancy ins, and a great deal of jet are used in trim-ing the hats and bonnets this season. Jet is a decided feature, and is seen everywhere

and is used in every conceivable way.

Of course, flowers of all kinds enter largely into the trimming of the Spring and Summer millinery, and for the most part those displayed on hats and in showcases are very ue to nature, though such eccentricities a brown violets, black narcissus and mignon-ette, and green roses rather jar on one's artis-tic sensitifities. The most popular flowers are the violets and roses, while forget-me-nots are very good style this season. Violets appear everywhere—white violets, purple violets, brown violets, and black violets, but violets, bruth violets, and black violets, but violets, brown violets, and black violets, but violets still in shape if not in color, whether used alone or in combination with other flow-ers, as violets and roses, which is just now a pet mixture on millinery. Leaves and all kinds of green foliage and stems will be much in evidence, but perhaps the newest flowers are the dandelions, cowslips, cat-tails, and golden-rod, which are remarkably true to

olden-rod, which are remarkably true to ature in coloring and detail.

In colors geranium red has taken the lace of the "eminence" shade, so popular ast Summer, and the newest colors are Jac-ueminot and American Beauty, not only in the flowers themselves, but in the ribbons,

blockers themserves, but in the ribbons, velvet, and aigrettes.

Black is a good foundation, and the one most used; brown and green is a good combination, but spenking of the combinations, any colors that you may want to put together are sure to be quite the correct thing. for the combinations of colors that a few years ago would have been called awful and in shocking bad taste seem to-day to be per-

ectly harmonious

A new and pretty idea is to have a little fall of lace or flowers at each side of the point of the hat or bonnet in the back which fits against the knot of hair. Lace is used con-

siderably for millinery.

Small, round hats, turbans, and toques will be the order of the day during the early Spring days and the large straw hats will not make their appearance until considerably later. Fancy rough straws are used largely

ames have become a byword. Almost at | The bonnets are even prettier than the bats this season, they partake of the enaracteristics of the toque; are small and appear rather broader across the front than they did last season; they all have strings, which, of course, form a monstrous bow under the chin, for no maid or matron will be complete withfor no man-out a bow to-day.

When to Say No.

[From the Blackburn Times.] She should refuse him when she knows his habits to be intemperate, for there can be no unhappier fate than marriage with a drunkard. She should refuse him when there is any hereditary disease in the family, such as consumption or insanity, which would in all probability show itself and cause in-finite misery in after years. She should re-fuse him when she sees he is in the bubit of associating with tad companious, who may lead him into a gambling, drinking, and card-

playing life.

She should refuse him when she knows him roman cares to lay herself open to such treat-cent. She should refuse him when she feels she has no love to give him, and not marry, as many girls do, for a home; no marriage can he truly happy without love to sweeten the bonds. She should refuse him when he is proposing to her for her money or from proposing to her for her money or from pique. A girl can generally distinguish real love from feigned, and even if she cares for him should not accept him until convinced his motives are disinterested. She should not refuse him when she really cares for him and broad broads him to have greatly feighted. who will make her happy and not cause her heartbreaks, which, perhaps, one of her more brilliant lovers might have done.

ping my hands from his clasp, "and permit me to say I will no longer listen to this ha-rangue. No right to receive ordinary courteous

rangue. No right to receive ordinary courteous attentions from a gentleman! You strangely forget the fact that you call yourself such when you address me thus. Good morning, Mr. Withers."

"Slay, Alice! If I spoke quickly, forgive me. But it was so hard to bear all this just as I arrived home, hungry for your welcome. You know, dear, there were so many aspirants for this little hand. I sometimes can scarce believe in my own rare fortune. Are you not glad to see me, Alice?"

"Glad? No. When I was glad you sent all my happiness back into my own heart, and

my happiness back into my own heart, and made your first words words of reproach and blame, I have done nothing to deserve either and I would do the same again.
"Not if you knew it gave me pain."
"Yes, because you have no right to feel pain. If you have no trust in me, let us

part,"
"It is not a question of trust, my Alice It is not a question and it is not a question but come, be my own sweet girl again, and promise me to announce our engagement, and thus put a stop to Mr. Maynard's useless

"No. Mr. Withers. I have seen enough to "No, Mr. Withers. I have seen enough to know that with such a nature as I have this morning learned yours to be I never could be happy. I will return you your letters and your gifts, and you will send me my letters and picture. Hereafter we meet simply as

A Plain Talk on Kitchen Influence.

"Apropos of the much-discussed servant girl question," said an observing little woman recently, "let me relate an incident that came under my notice a short time ago. It was in an intelligence office, and there was the usual number of girls seated about the room. A well-dressed, refined-appearing lady came in and was directed to one of the girls near me. She began talking to the girl, asking what wages she expected, and the usual question

as to her experience and competence. "After answering, the girl in turn began to question-what was the size of the family, conveniences of the house, the amount of time that she could call her own, etc. The lady looked annoyed, but answered her questions, and then said: 'You think that you would be willing to work for me for \$3 a week if you can have all these privileges,' enumerating the girl's requirements. 'Yes,' the girl replied. 'Weil,' answered the lady, 'there is

replied. 'Weil,' answered the lady, 'there is one thing I must tell you before you come—my plane is badly out of tune and I don't think I can afford to have it tuned for you and pay you that amount of wages,' and with that she walked away."

You laugh, Well, it may be considered amart, but was it ladylike or kind? What had the girl done? She had simply done what an employe in any other line of work would be expected to do—found out the requirements of the place before agreeing to go to it. If of the place before agreeing to go to it. If she could afford to wait and choose a place that pleased her, why should she not have the privilege of a choice as well as her employer? Are we to regard her as having no rights and no sensibilities simply because she is a serv-

It is this attitude that we, as American housekeepers, have, perhaps, unconsciousl taken toward our domestics and not the wor itself which makes our American girls refus itself which makes our American girls rease to do housework and prefer to do "sewing at forty cents a day." It is often claimed that women are harder to work for than men. It is not because of lack of experience in busi-ness matters, but because of lack of thought and sometimes lack of heart.

We expect a girl to come thankfully to work for us if we think "she will do." the wares

we expect a girl to come thank they to work for us if we think "she will do," the wages being ratisfactory. She need know nothing about our requirements, but simply submit to them when learned If the place, when tried for a week or two, does not suit her she can

process to go through with again.

Why can we not learn to state our requirdments and answer all reasonable questions before hiring a girl? If the questions are impulent, and the manner of asking them bold, we should refuse to employ because of the character shown, and not because they dared to question.

to question.

Do you realize that in a few years these girls will doubtless be the mistresses of homes? That these homes and the children in them will be in a great measure what these girls make unselfish interest in our girls, keeping in our mind the fact that our example and our influence in the kitchen, as well as among our friends, will be lasting.

The Various Uses of Dressing Well.

Though dress may appear to be a frivolous factor in the sum total of human happiness, it is nevertheless, a most important one, being, as it is, most potent in its influence upon the affections and opinions of mankind, Neat, tasteful dressing is a passport to kindly senti-ment and respectful attention, and never is its influence so keenly felt as after marriage, when the wife too frequently feels that she can relax the care that she once gave to her toilet and meet her liege lord in a wrapper or equally comfortable but unprepossessing frock of some other name.

of some other name.

Men adore a pure, sweet, womanly woman.
To them their wife is the ideal of all the virtues, but they would be ever so much more charmed with that ideal if she would pay a little more attention to the niceties of her tol-lette even after the knot is tied firm and fast. If pretty frocks and a charming appearance are fascinating before marriage, they are doubly so afterward. Women cannot afford, for the sake of their comfort, to sacrifice their domestic happiness, and, though there may be some who sniff at the idea of a well-fitting be some who sniff at the idea of a well-fitting gown and prettily dressed hair exerting any influence upon a subject of such grave im-portance, it may be stated right here that it is the trifles, not the great momentous hap-penings, that are the ruling powers of our lives.

have cause to complain of lack of attention or absence of compliments from those who love them best and are most pleased with the fur-belows and frills worn for their benefit.

THE SNARES AND PITFALLS OF YOUNG HOUSEKEEPERS.

The young housekeeper, says the Philadelphia Times, has so much to contend with that the writer fully sympathizes with her, knowing all the snares and pitfalls, the trying situations, and the hundred and one obstacles that beset her path, no matter how fully educated in domestic economy she may consider herself to be. The knowledge of housekeeping does

not come, in its independent sense, until the woman has passed through the sort of per-sonal schooling that she must individually learn, and which never comes by teaching. The pretty young wife must undergo many a snub from the illiterate cook, who knows full well all the mysteries of bread making and rise baking. She must be pre-gard for and pie baking. She must be prepared for many a mauvais quart d heure with her own domesties, for no matter how much she knows, it will be her fate to have to submit to the dominating influence of servants who think she knows nothing because she is

young.

She will have to listen to tales of another since will have to insent to these of another mistress, methods, "Mrs. So-sad-so never did this way" will be a continue song until the youthful housekeeper assers herself and tells the tyrant in the kitchen that, no matter how Mrs. So-and-so managed, the intends to

io as she sees fit.

It is no easy position, that of mistress of a

the willow either, for that matter. Mr. May-nard was very devoted, and my old friends ral-lied to my standard in all their force. He asked me once to dance with him a square dance—but I declined, and he looked indifdance—out I decrined, and he looked infili-ferently relieved, and once when I was laugh-ing and talking with Mr. Maynard I felt his eye was on me, and threw additional im-pressement into the nothings I was saving. Yet I was tired and bored. Why was it Mr. Yet I was tred and bored. Why was it Mr. Maynard's society had ceased to attaret me?

But yet it seemed so strange to meet everywhere, to exchange a smile of jey coldness and a courteous bow of formal greeting and feel that all was over. I don't think I quite realized ft until the day Mr. Maynard told me his engagement to I rene Brooks was a costive fact. I did not think he could have

me his engagement to Irene Brooks was a positive fact. I did not think he could have quite forgotten in three short months. He always admired her, I know, and as she is meek and aniable she is just suited to such a bear. For my part, I hate married men and married life, and thought, with inward congratulations, of the many years ere I should take the fatal plunge.

But my congratulations vanished when I awoke one morning with the leaden consciousness that I had given the night before a favorable answer to Will Maynerd's wooing. I did not mean to say "Yes." I did not care for him when he was away from me; but he was so carnest, so determined, I scarcely knew I had consented until I felt his lips press mine and he had slipped a glittering stone upon my finger. It was there as I awakened, so that I knew it was no dream. All day I caught its sparkle; all day it served as witness to my mad folly.

But when that night I entered Mrs. Somers' drawing room, leaning on his arm, he looking down on me with a sort of pressession-look, I fancy, I caught Clarence Withers' eye, full of seorn and full of anger. I think mine flashed back equal contempt. I am sure I felt it. Had he not first set me the example? I was only following in his footsteps, carrying out his pet theory, that the man always should precede the woman and she bend to his lordly will.

At last the Summer came. What a long,

At last the Summer came. What a long, long Winter it had been, and how glad I was

house wherein the servants are older in ex-perience than the real ruler thereof. It isn't pleasant to feel under a ban of criticism con-tinually, whether the husband or hired help sits in judgment. Between the way "mother used to do" and the methods of Mrs A, B, or used to do" and the methods of Mrs A, B, or C, where cookie was formerly employed, many an unhappy moment is spent by the poor little beginner. But let her go on, ignoring slurs and eritleisms, doing the best she can and endeavoring to please in every way, for young housekeepers must inevitably grow old, and some day they will be able to rule homes, cooks, and husbands with an all-powerful scepter, the emblem of experience gained by years of practical knowledge, which cannot be laughed or frowned down.

SERVING BANANAS.

The Most Nutritions of All Fruits and the Cheapest.

Generally speaking, bananas are looked upon as a fruit to be used as a luxury, but it is claimed by eminent authority that bananas contain all the essential elements of nutrition and life can be sustained for an indefinite time on an exclusive diet of this fruit.

The ancient Mahatmas, or wise men o India, are said to have subsisted entirely on bananas, and the savage of the South Sea islands, says the Medical Brief, owes to them

issands, says the Accident Brief, owes to them his wonderful physical power.

A few years ago a carload of bananas would have supplied the markets in any one of our largest cities for an indefinite time. Now the demand is for tons daily at almost

all seasons of the year.

In 1887 nearly 6,000,000 bunches were imported into the United States from Central America. In 1880 the importation had more than doubled.

Probably the largest part of those now used in the United States are extended. in the United States are eaten raw; but year by year they enter more and more largely into our cooking, and there are many appe-tizing methods of preparing them for the

following are among the best, and should be made generally known:

To Fav Barans—Peel and siit the fruit lengthwise, dip it in teaten egg, roll it in flour or sifted
cracker crumbs and drop it in boiling fat and
cook until it is a delicate brown. Drain on a

eve before serving. BREAKFAST FRITTERS-Make a batter as for

silice the fruit in slices ene-half en men thes, dip in the batter and fry in hot butter; drain the friiters on a sleve or on blotting paper; dredge with white sugar and serve.

Baked Bannas—Feel and split lengthwise; lay them in a plate or platter. For each half dozen use one tablespoonful of butter and three tablespoonsful of hot water and the jude of one lemen; melt the butter in the water, add the jude of the lemen and pour it over the fruit dredge ever them six tablespoonsful of white sugar and bake until brown in a quick oven.

Bannas Stourcase—Make a crust as for strawberry shortcase. When baked split and butter and fill with a mixture of two thirds sliced banans to one-third silved orange, sprinkle liberally with surar, and spread ever the fruit a little sweet cream beaten until very stiff. Serve the shortcase while hot.

Bannas Cake—I se any preferred recipe for a light hyer cake. When baked frost each layer, and while the frosting is still fresh spread each, every the top, with hannan, peeded and mashed. Whipped cream is sometimes used between the layers instead of the frosting. It makes a moister cake.

Bannas Comports—One cup of white sugar, one pint of water, boil for ten minutes; peel and slice red and while bannans and place them in alternate layers in a dish; pour the syrup over them and when cold serve with whipped cream.

A Baitry Dissearts—Sake a jelly with gelatine and sugar it to thete, whip ned with siles of bannans and oranges and peur a little of the lelly over them; as soon as it seep at in another layer of the iruit and more jelly until the dish is tud; set it on ice until ready to serve.

Bannas and oranges and peur a little of the lelly over them; as soon as it seep at in another layer in the first of bannans and place them in layers with the strawberries and cream; keep on lee until served.

There Are All Sorts of Dishes.

To FRY BEEFSTEAK TENDER-Have the fering pan hot; lay the steak on it to fry. Do not turn it until it is done on one side. Put some butter, pepper, and salt on a dish and have it melting. When the beefsteak is done put it in the dish and turn it over several times. This will be as nice as brolled steak.

CHICKEN POTFIE-After the chicken is dressed. cut it up and put it in a kettle with water enough to cover. Boil it until tender, skimming several times. Add a tablespoonful of flour stirred into a tablespoonful of butter and season with pepper and sait. Make a rich biscuit dough cut in pieces and drop in. Keep the kettle covered until the dumplings are done. Serie bot

is the trifles, not the great momentous happenings, that are the railing powers of our lives.

If we women are as vain as we are represented to be, let that vanity be put to some good use. Apply it toward producing always a sweet, attractive appearance, even though the only audience will be the friendly members of the home circle. Don't reserve good clothes for strangers only—look pretty for husband and children, and no woman will have cause to complian of lack of attention or absence of compliments from those who love them best and are most pleased with the furbelows and frills worn for their and a dish and peopered to taste. Put them is a dish and peoper the case of compliance will be the further and the case are done. Prepare several pieces of to aste of the missing force to the also intends the intime small the case, but the case, but then is sworking fo

are well inlice and are segarate ones. several pieces of toast, dipped in hot milk and salted, buttered, and peppered to taste. Fut them in a dish and pour the eggs over them.

Saterarate—Boil the kraut about 20 minutes, pour off the mater, put on fresh, and let it boil half an heur longer. When done, mix well half a cupful of vinegar, at tablespoorful of sugar and one of fleur as for gravy and stir into the kraut; let it boil long enough to cook the flour.

Baxin baxns—For your beans in cold water on the back of the stove to simmer. When the skin cracks pour off the water. Put them in an earthen bean pot or crock. For each quart of beans put in a tenspoonful of molasses, solt and pepper to taste and a pound of salt pork. Fill up with cold water and bake slowly half a day or longer until a light brown. When the water has eraporated, if the beans are not dode, add more. (MRAN TURNIS—Poel, sikes, and stew the turnings until tender. Make a sauce of a cupful of mik thickened with a tenspoonful of butter and sansoned with an tablespoonful of butter and sansoned with saltad and pepper. Drain the turning, pour the sauce over them, and let them stand over the fire in a double boiler ten minutes. Do not let them boil.

BUSS—At night mix with a pint of sweet milk flour sufficient to make a soit spence, adding one years cake discoved. In the horning add one cup of sugar, half a cup of butter, and flour to make it stiff enough to kréad. Let i trise until very light, knead, roll it out and cut with a biscuit cutter. When light bake in a moderate oven. While hot rib a little butter over the tops.

ops. Cookins—Take three eggs, one cupful of white cookies—take three eggs, one cuput of white sugar, three-fourths of a cupful of butter, one easpocatul of lemon extract, one teaspoantul of soda, one cupful of sour milk. Mix soft, reli hin, and cut with a biscult cutter and take. Sure PUDINSA—Take one cupful each of measures, sweet milk, chopped suct, and raisins, three cupfuls of flour, one teaspoontul of salt, one of soda, and one of cinnamon. Steam three cupies.

The House Committee on Naval Affairs Friday agreed to report favorably the bill exwho are allowed to administer oaths.

to see once more the birds and flowers, I thought, as I wandered one lovely morning in Janeaus from the gay party who were spending the day among the woods and trees, reveling in a pienic of the good old-fashiened sort. I hate pienics and always did, and I was glad to have escaped them all. SoI wandered on, stooping now and then to plack a wild-flower or an exquisite fern, until, on the verge of a steep rock my eye, caucht as busch of nower of an exquisite tern, until, on the verge of a steep rock, my eye caught at bunch of loveliest anemones. I sprang forward, eager to graspit—too enjer, alas! for my foot tripped and I fed forward upon the sharp stone, cut-ting an ugly gash in my forehead. I think it stunned me for the moment. I must have fainted; but surely, ere I opened my eyes, I caught the sound of breathless tones exclaim-ing. We feel my declare? and felt her tisses.

of safety. I am glad to see your accident was so trivial. Good morning."

And so he left me. Were those cold, indifferent tones the warm, loving ones I had listened to but a moment before? No. I had been dreaming; and, staunching the blood with my handkerchief, which still flowed freely, I walked on, and soon stumbled upon Mr. Maynard, hastening to find me.

Oh, how his words of pity and distress grated on my ear, I answered him petulantly, and begred to be taken home. My head ached. He ordered the carriage at once. I would not allow him to accompany

and so he set me. Were those cold, indifferent tones the warm, loving ones I had listened to but a moment before? No. I had been dreaming; and, staunching the blood with my bandkerchief, which still flowed freely. I walked on, and soon stumbled upon Mr. Maynard, hastening to find me.

Oh, how his words of pity and distress grated on my ear. I answered him petulantly, and begged to be taken home. My head ached. He ordered the carriage at once. I would not allow him to accompany me, and, with anxious solicitation, he tenderly bade me good-by, closed the docrupon me, and I was again alone.

All night I lay and tossed upon my bed, and morning found me feverish and restless, but with a new, undaunted resolution that ere I slept again I should have returned Will Maynard's ring, and asked him to give me back my plighted troth.

back my plighted troth.

Yet the words came with a hard struggle,

Aunt Emily's Idea

Things are bound to come right in time. That is the bedrock of our faith in man,

oman, time, and eternity. Everything in this world goes by compari-

Even the wife of a millionaire confessed to eling poor recentiy. Why, her very expensive privileges have

suddenly been cut off or limited because of a

'shrinkage of values" and a "failure to realize" on the usual income. One such there was who felt "poor, cramped, and worried to distraction over the Spring dressmaker's bills," She boarded at

day. Poor thing! Not much sympathy was wasted on her, you better believe.

The tiniest far-away ripple of distress that has just touched her from afar is no mere to be compared with the real thing than a blaze in the cozy fireplace to a conflagration in which a ciry is laid waste.

Let us hope it will open some eyes unused to crying to see what life on the other plane really is. Instead of shutting up their sympathies, it may soften their hearts to get a little nearer to the stern realities of other people's lives. Not much sympathy was wasted on her,

people's lives.

Do they pay these cramped sick people promptly when the dressmaker's or other hard-working people's bills are presented?

That is the test of the genuineness of their notion. Almost all persons who work for the swells

confess they, as a rule, are the closest calcu-lators, the most exacting and the slowest pay-ing of all customers, not because they cannot, but because they are coldly indifferent about such matters.

The only excuse for this ever given is: they

must keep up with their "set," or it will affect business for the family to drop out of society,

The people know how it is. Ask the The people show how it is. As a trans. They have had to economize on necessities, and the past year contains more experiences of heroic downright and upright manly and womanly self-sarrinee than ever will or ever can be adequately sung in song or told in

Hard times are not the worst things that can be all us either as individuals or a nation. It all depends upon how we take them.

There may be heroism or something akin to it in wearing an old coat gone over by the cleaner, or, after passing through the hands of the dyer, for another six months by the head of the family, who is "proud as Lucifer" if he is poor, that his wife and children may have more comforts, if not the necessaries of ille.

children may have more comforts, if not the necessaries of life.

There have been more half-soled boots and shoes worn by both sexes; more old clothes, once put away to give away or to sell to the second-hand dealer, once more put through a critical examination as to possibilities, and with "altering" or "r modeling" made to go through the winter, than ever before within the memory of any one! Even the wife of a prominent ex-official confesses that she has not had a single new "dud," bonnet, glove, boot, or ribbon for one solid year! Besides, they broke up housekeeping to save expense. they broke up housekeeping to save expense, and yet she says she has had a good time and enjoyed herself in spite of fate. Because, I say, she respected herself in doing it and rose above criticism's shalts. It takes a person with brains and self-poise to stand right up to the big end of a situation and take hold of it as though there never was and never would be a Mrs. Grondy to criticise! Or, even if there is, who that is worth a niekel cares for it? It is the folks who go right along and ad-just themselves and their lives to circum-stances who amount to anything or are any-

body anywhere.

One does not need to belong to the elect to nive self-respect and independence to do the right thing. Nor are the virtues and finer centiments of humanity and noble living all

There are hundreds of houses in Washington with closen blinds and "For Rent" in the windows which tell their own story, a story which inndiords and real estate men, with all their shrewdness, have failed to apply.

What mean those empty houses, the natural homes of the middle class? Simply this: the

confined to the upper circles. Not much!

rents are too high.

The people outside and inside of the government departments have had their pay cut down or been thrown out of paying employment. Every avenue of business has reduced its working force to the absolute necessity of

any of the cierks of dustness noises, with the printers thrown out of work by the type-setting machines, the mechanics out of a job or waiting for the pay for one aircady over-due, every one of these has had to retrench somewhere, and they have found the biggest hole in their become to be house rent at the

Landlords would not come down, so these people have moved out and gone into a co-operative renting of a house big enough to hold two families.

It is not the ensiest thing in the world to do, to live with two families under the same roof, especially where there is that little love of especially where there is that interiore of contention—children's rights to preserve. One or the other family will either be or consider itself "imposed upon," and too much noise overhead or too little attention by one or the other party to the halls and or or the other party to the mass and stairs form a fruitful theme for discontent. There is nothing like it in the fashionable flat. Yet money finishes here nobly but in all these that the children might have the neces-sary food and clothing, and they keep out of

have not in some instances kept that last devouring, savage wolf from the door. More's the play of it!

It is the hardest thing in life to pay for things all used up to tatters, when other needs are clamoring to be met next pay day!

day!
Don't you know how it is yourself? Don't you feel for other people in the same boat?
Does it make you "fleree" or does it make you a better man or woman to be for a while near to these depths of despair? These are the questions that come home to us, for there are lots of us sailing close to the wind beside

and the tell-tale blood crimsoned my cheek, and brow as I stood before him and acknowledged I could not marry him.

"Do you not love me, Alice?" he said.
"No. Mr. Mayoard. You have been very good, very kind, but I cannot love you."

"Why, then, did you consent to be my wife?"

wife?"

His tones were calm now, with the calmness which precedes the mountain storm, when all nature is bushed and not a leaflet stirs, not even a blade of grass trembles, until with a mighty roar heaven discharges its artiflery and the hills quake.

"Oh, do not ask me. I do not know. I cannot tell you."

fainted, but surely, ore I opened my eyes, I cannot tell you."

"Do you mean that these few months have ing: "My (fod, my durling!" and felt hot kisses rain on check and lip.

Slowly I unclosed the scaled lids and gazed into the pallid face of Charence Withers, My strength came back with my pride, and, drawing myself away, I said:

"Do not be alarmed, Mr. Withers, it is nli right now. Did you imagine you held Miss Brooks? Allow me to relieve you."

"No, Miss Brooks is fortunately in a place of safety. I am glad to see your accident was sa trivial. Good morning."

"On, do not ask me. I do not know. I cannot tell you."

"Do you mean that these few months have been the audience to watch this poor puppet show, in which your experienced hands have been the audience to watch this poor puppet show, in which your experienced hands have loved the strings? Do not look indignant. You have no right to indignation. Have you never loved me?"

"Never, Mr. Maynard, as I should have loved you. You came to me at a time when my heart was hungry. Your words fascinated the happiness I sought. Oh, forgive me! I

you such injustice as to mention what you do not possess. I wish Mr. Withers every joy."
"Stop! You are unjust, indeed—nay, more—eruel, unmanly! Mr. Withers is no more to me than the wind that blows; less, indeed, for it brings refreshing air and fragrance from myriads of flowers. I hope never to see his face again, since his name has only brought me fresh insult, but he at least is a man, and

those whose big ships show sails right to the

mast.
Some of us have no ships to sail. We just float on the great ocean of life and we are reaching out for a plank or a spar to save our lives. What does Mr. and Mrs. Millionaire know about that unless they have once been of the people? Yes, most likely that is where they did start from, high as they now earry their heads and sail at the contact and discontent of the people. Have they forgotten everything?

There are plenty of good people who be lieve in God and righteousness who have not been inside of a church for months.

Awiui, isn't it?

Stop, let us see. Everybody who attends and belongs to a church these days is expected to contribute to its support, for if not, the backbone of enurch life is broken, as money is its ribs, and if can no more live and do its work without money than

There is a great deal too much of worldiness, and fine dressing, and "style," and fashion in the pews, and the people who are caught on the wave of hard times have neglected their religious duties, because they could not pay their pew rent or make special offerings, or even seem to see the contribution plate when it was right under their noses! And this is the bottom facts in regard to much apparent religious aparts. first-class hotel at the rate of \$4 or \$5 a

And this is the bottom facts in regard to much apparent religious apathy.

The people have as much pride as the grandest communicants, and so much "style" has a very depressing effect, even upon those who should be making the responses and saying their prayers, for eyes and thoughts will wander when things seem so unequal. When religious life—in achurch—is so coatly, it has to be classed as a luxury in one's inventory of possibilities and cut off as a superfluity under the stress of hard times.

I tell you there is something radically wrong in the administration of the churches, One of old said: "The poor ye have always with you," and He came and ministered unto them, while He rebuked the rulers and mighty ones of earth for their coldness and hardness of heart. What would He say here to-day?

The churches and those who run them are beginning to realize that church life is pitched in a falsetto voice, and ministers more to the even and sufficient taste than to the needs of

in a falsetto voice, and ministers more to the eve and cultivated taste than to the needs of

humanity.

Here and there a church is struggling to Here and there a church is struggling to put itself in vital sympathy with the masses, who need it more in their trials than when all goes on smoothly.

The earth literally trembles with the social onditions of the times, which we feel and conder over with amazement, questioning ne another, Where are we going to land? Everyone of us hopes to land somewhere!
We want to live a complete life and to have
the value of our service return to us some
way. It is our birthright!
We would not mind the pinching for the

way. It is our birthright!
We would not mind the pinching for the
the present if we could see a gleam of light
abead. Believe me, there is light ahead!
"Plain living and high thinking" is just as good a thing now as it ever was; and those who hold their heads up and feel just as good, though they have to twist and turn old clothes to be respectably ciad, are the ones who are going to win if—

If what?
If the economy of the good wife is matched by the economy of the "guide man."

If he does not smoke and drink enough in money value each year to have made such economy unnecessary—if he had denied hims sift these selfish indulgences. So many "Ifs" See?
If is not a very big word, but it is an expres-

Well! who cares?

We have been all of us economizing to the extent of our ability for a year, or it may be years. Nor are we, one of us, a bit ashamed of it! Numbers of us will be better, stronger, thriftier men and women for the hard lessons of 1893 and 1894, for we are not through yet! Some of us will even find the secret of suc-cess in them, folded up like the germ of a rare

ower. We are not going to groan or cry or make an ado about the inevitable outcome of our bad social conditions, but we are going to try to do our level best to make them better, and to get hold of and hang on to the big end of our troubles until we have shaken the old life out of them and the new life into the place of

The Breckinridge Jury.

Washington, D. C., April 10.-Interest begins to center on the twelve men who have sat slient and but little noticed through the twenty-six days of the Pollard-Breckinridge trial. But three are more than 40 years old triai. But three are more than 40 years old and five are not yet 30, the oldest member being 60 and the youngest 23. Their combined age is 410 years, or an average age of 34 years. The oldest member, Mr. Charles B. Cole, is a veteran of the late war, and, though a native of New York, has resided here since 1889, though he spent four years here in the fifties. He was engaged with a publishing house until failure of health compelled him to take a rest. He is a widower, and of his associates seven are married men and four are single. Their names, occupations, and ages are as follows:

Joseph H. Wiland, carpenter: married, aged 45. Lewis Cass Denham, bookkeeper; married,

riged 44. F. A. Heltmuller, produce dealer; married.

age 35.
Albert R. Cator, married; age 34.
Hugh Reilly, painters' supplies; single, aged 32.
A. M. Green, banker; single, aged 31.
Alan A. Dale, married, aged 32.
J. L. Carberry, clerk; married, aged 26.
S. L. Bunt, carpenter and builder; aged 26.
William C. Quinn, steam fitter; single, aged 26.
George B. Sheriff, jr., bookkeeper; single, aged 27.
They are much beyond the average jury in intelligence and apparent stability of charac-They are much beyond the average jury in intelligence and apparent stability of character, and throughout they have shown upon several occasions a desire to get at the bottom of the question before them for the purpose of rendering a just verdict. They show themselves to be solver men, of Industrious occupations, and have carefully avoided anything which might lead one to think that the instructions of the judge about conversing on the subject of the trial had fallen upon deaf ears.

Unless you think when the song is done
No other is sweet in the rhythm;
Unless you can feel, when left by one,
That all men else go with him;
Unless you can know when upraised by nless you can know when upraised by breath That your beauty itself wants proving; hless you can swear "For life, for death," Oh, fear to call it loving!

On, tear to can it so ing:
Unless you can muse in a crowd all day
On the absent face that fixed you;
Unless you can love as the angels may.
With the breath of heaven betwirt you;
Unless you can dream that his faith his fast,
Through behooving and unbehooving;
Unless you can die when the dream is past—
Oh, never call it loving!
ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

would scorn to strike a woman to the core who pleaded to him for forgiveness. Go, Mr. Maynard. We are quits now. I trust in time

Maynard. We are quits now. I trust in time I may forgive you."

It was over then—all over. And for my wicked folly I was punished. Even Clarence, I thought, with curising lip, would have been satisfied. I trust his wooing with Miss Brooks was somewhat smoother than had been this of mine. Why did I trink of him? What cared I whether it were smooth or rough? Our paths lay widely apart. The world was broad enough for both.

Was it? Ah, telltaic heart that beat with such strange, choking throbs, then stood still for a moment, whilst the blood receded from its channels, leaving me icy as death when they told me, two short weeks after. Clarence

they told me, two short weeks after, Clarence Withers was not expected to live.

He had been stricken with a fever then prevalent in our midst, and on account of which only that day I was to have gone into purer air. And now the physicians said there was no hope of his recovery. Ill, dving— Well, what did it matter to me? Did I not say the world was broad enough for both, and if our paths diverged so widely, what was death but the medium which severed them still further apart.

Ah, no! At last I knew he lived. At last I ometimes caught the music of his voice, the unshine of his smile. But where was his be-cothed? By his side? No; she had gone, sunshine of his smile. But where was his be-trothed? By his side? No; she had gone, too, leaving a kindly message. That was all. Surely she could not have been his promised wife, else she would have stayed. Oh, my poor heart! At last I knew the truth, and scarce knowing what I did I drew a sheet of paper toward me and, with blinding tears, wrote:

paper loward me and, with containing teach wrote:

"Before you die, Clarence—before you leave me desolate—at least send me one little word—one token of forgiveness. My pride has all gone, dear. I know how wrong I was with you, but you will forgive me, will you not? And though in Heaven you must remember another as your betrothed, you will sometimes think lovingly, if we can think there, of

There came no answer to my note, and when I heard Clarence Withers was not going to die, that hopes were entertained of his recovery, and slowly hope gave place to cer-

WEST END GOSSIP.

There is a young lady in Washington who thinks Col. Breckinridge is a villain. She found it out herself, and this is the way if

happened: A few weeks before the trial took place she was going to Alexandria with a friend who was visiting her. While passing through the was visiting her. While passing through the B. & P. station their attention was attracted by two things, first, that a Pullman car by the name of "Madeline" was attrached to the New York train about to depart, and secondly, that Col. Breekinridge with his wife was about to embark in this very sleeper.

This rather singular coincidence, that seemed to have escaped the notice of the Breckinridges, caused them to stop for a moment and comment upon it. They are both tall, handsome, and showily dressed.

"That's Col. Breckinridge," she said to her friend.

observed by these handsome women, turned around and gave them the most impish look. The young lady described it as one of those looks, don't you know, that flirty young fel-lows sometimes bestow upon women. We are getting more English every day of

our lives. If you doubt it, go to some of the

expensive men's clubs or the swell west end unctions and observe how our men talk with the broad a and the fascinating lisp that substitutes w for r; how they wear beli-shaped frock coats that would serve for skirts with the addition of a ruffle; how they give the new handshake that emanates from the shoulder rather than the heart; how they would seem to make any assertion without supplementing it with, "Don't cher know."

Last winter there was a ball given by the Misses Pauncefote. A New York paper, wishing to find out if there was any new English wrinkle about the affair, sent a young woman to find out before the ball came off.

As the young laddes of the embassy were

As the young ladies of the embassy were busy the day she called one of the secretaries was detailed by them to give her the informa-

on. "Now," she said, before she departed, "can you tell me what is to be the most English thing about the ball?"

The secretary did not know, but he tripped upstairs for the third or fourth time to in-

quire, and brought back the reply from Miss Pauncefote that she thought "Mr. Van Ness would be the most English thing about the ball," The demand for flowers for dinners, teas, etc., was never greater than during the past Winter. So say the gardeners and the florists. One of the gardeners at the White House says

buy \$100 worth of plants for one of the state dinners.
Where do the flowers go? The government supply is kept for the use of officials and their friends. The friends seem to come in for the lion's share sometimes. The wife of a well-known Congressman,

that President Cleveland has been obliged to

who is a handsome and showy woman, re-cently presented an order from her husband to one of the head gardeners. It was hastly ritten, and said:
"Please let bearer have the flowers she wants."

Looking at "bearer" coldly the gardener

"Madame, if you were his wife I could not let you have the flowers."
"Bearer" being a woman of proper spirit, quickly undeceived the suspicious gardener and got all the flowers she wanted.

FASHION FANCIES.

Shirt waists come in greater variety than ver, and can be purchased with detachable ollars and cuffs. A new departure in drapery is to catch it up lirectly in the back in a jaunty way, as though t were an accident. Those who do not care to muss their pretty

waists with the regulation blazer jackets can have cloth capes made to match their skirts,

Turned down white linen collars are very fashionable for young ladies, particularly if they are pretty enough to admit of the prim, A little variation from the wrinkled collar is three flat bows of bias veivet set on a stand-ing band, one directly in front and two on the sides, which meet in the back.

Jackets of the latest cut are shorter and not quite so full in the skirt. Black is the most useful color, but a fawn coat with a black moire vest can be worn over almost any dress, The latest Spring capes are very short little coquettish affairs, which reach only to the elbows, and are very flat and sloping on the shoulders. Some have double or triple ruffles all around, with tabs falling to the knes. Black moire and satin, with a little velvet and

much lace, are used for dressy capes. Much attention is still devoted to the sleeves, which have as yet lost none of 'their promi-nence, and are gathered or plaited in the in-

side seam to make the fullness even to the elbow. The lower part is sometimes wrinkled on the lining a la Bernhardt, which is very ef-fective if the material is soft and thin.

parasols, fans, and smelling bottles, Lay figures for fitting on ladies' dresse Corsets have been found on the nummies of Egyptian princesses of the royal family. In 1516 Francis I gave to his Queen the equivalent of \$16,000 in our money to buy

Old-Time Fashions

Greek ladies had steel and brass mirrors,

The women of the middle ages always parted their hair with a small dagger, not in use it was carried in the girdle. Phillippe le Bel, of France, ordered that no of stuff costing more than 20 cents a yard.

Wire hairpins were invented in England in 1545. Before that time the female coffures were held in place by fine wooden skewers. The longest train on record was that of Catherine de Medici on the occasion of her marriage. It was forty-eight yards and borne by ten pairs of pages.

In the sixteenth century no lady was considered in full dress unless she had a mirror on her breast. It was oval in shape, about 4 by 6 inches in size.

From 1784 to 1786 the style of hair dressing in Paris changed seventeen times, and went from the extreme of short curis and a skull cap to a bat three feet broad.

Our Gold Production. Director Preston, of the Mint Bureau, has completed his final figures on the gold production of the United States during the cal-endar year 1893. The total product is given as 1,739,081 ounces, of the value of \$35,950,000. which is an increase for the year of 73,456 ounces, representing €1,518,423.

tainty, my first giad, immeasurable happiness was succeeded by agony of shame and by the breathless query: "What have I done? Oh, if I could bury myself anywhere so that I might never see his look of withering scorn! Oh, I wish I had died!" was my thought one afternoon a few weeks later as I sat alone, and burying my head in my hands the tears, which had for so long refused to come, burst forth in bitter, choking sobs. I had not heard a sound until a hand was laid upon my shoulder, a tender, pitving voice said: shoulder, a tender, pitving voice said:

"Poor little girl! Have you really grieved so, Alice?"

Springing to my feet, I confronted the man of whom I had been thinking, but even through my tears I saw how ill and worn he looked.

"Have you come to triumph over my weak-

"Have you come to triumph over my weakness, Mr. Withers? I have suffered sufficiently,
I can essure you, over my poor folly, without
you adding to my misery. I wish, I wish
that you had died."

"Listen, Alice! Be calm, darling!" he said,
as he drew me down in the old, tender, willful
way, which made his very mastery sweet. "I
wanted to die, too, until one day a little,
white-winged messenger of peace and hope
came and nestled in my breast. I was too ill
to answer it, but I kept it there; and when

came and nestled in my breast. I was too lit to answer it, but I kept it there; and when the fever ranged its highest and I almost let go my hold of life, it whispered of the sweetness of the future held for me.

And so I battled on, and when I grew stronger and knew I should once again look into your eyes I would not let impatience master me. I feared to trust my own great joy, and waited, darling, until, face to face, I could tell you this. All has been a mistake between us. No other worran has ever touched my heart. I rene and I were only friends, and I told her of my troubles in all that dreary time. Alice, have I found my all that dreary time. Alice, have I found my wife at last?"

I could not answer, but he kissed away the

me closer, whispering sweet words of glad, forgiving love, while I was well content to lie nestled in the strong arms of "my bear."—
Jenny Wren in New York Ledger.